1.4.289
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, September 16, 2006 9:05am. London
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1. Who can see the sun set over England, and stay there held, beheld, and what wherefore meaneth this; the time and seasons, do we know? Have we been fooled/deceived? What in the heavens is this sign and wherefore now do we what? What do we do? What meaneth this? Surely this meaning has, and more than we think, see, or know. What shall our limitations be? Or will there be any/one? I love you.

2. Who can see the stars shine on/over England, my tomorrows not, todays. I love you all.

3. This is the prophet Joel speaking, not; Ted, Tedwerd, Tedword, the word in Ted, that Ted has become. I love you all. This is the moment all things change/become new, for some, not; all not; the surrendered I Am to I Am. I Am-ing my people I am and this is the time/season. Comfort flees, for all, not; but many do/will experience things unseen and uncomfortable; shortages, overages, and who can see the delivery systems coming through me? I love you all.

4. This is the moment time day hour and whoso what can change next they will ask/inquire. And seeing not a man/moment, but see all things in/through my hand, my provision, my love, all-ness. My all-ness being meted out to them in parcels small/tiny, not; but whoso can see/feel my abundance and be it, experience it, and surrender into me that I am, I Am? I love you all. I love you now.

5. Tides rise. Watch me/it. Who can set asunder that which plagues/rains down upon us? Where is he? Is there anyone? One. His name is me, mine, and wherefore canst thou see now the handwriting in the sky/skyways? Jetliners of me not bearing bombs but provision mightily needed where/when needed. I love you all.

6. Who can expect such? The surrendered being the surrendered to the surrendered that mighty make of the surrendered, not; but reveal their mightiness, in secret, not; but to all the world/those who want to know, surrender.

7. I love you all.

8. This is the day my writings occur not in public mass but in massless particles of light in my strokeless victims, not; but my who know me, have me/my word, become my word and heal many victims paralyzed of

many diseases. I love you. I make myself real to/by the thousands. Watch me. Watch me all all who want now to be/receive all that I have/am, all that I am, I Am; and worrying not about repercussions at home/elsewhere, trust me into the all-am that I am that I Am really is/consists of.

9. I paint my paint my pictures day after day of the now, the thought-past, the coming future that now is, and my kingdom; awry, not; on target and fanciful not but receiving wisdom from the ages, not; revealing all I have to many but who would write/see and lead? I love you.

10. Who was/is willing to become me, to stand for what's right, not; but life, life in me from me being me my word, speaking my words and proclaiming kingdom of heaven one now is and real here and now here and now? You have, you will, you are doing, and doing more so and more so increasingly accelerating you are/have and Ted, there is no stopping you/me now. We are one and all the worlds wait for our love to be manifested in them/their worlds. I love you. We are one.

11. There is no incarceration in me. I am light, life, and abundance; no darkness, no spoken word incarcerating, but freeing all my words are/become in the light that light is, them consisting only of light that dispels the darkness, not; crushes/obliterates/vanquishes it forever. I love you all.

12. Write. Write more. Prolifically. Continue. I love you all. Me.

13. London crashes, falls, not; but rises from the ash heaps of distress, not; much chaos. I love you all. My fallen now rise to heights unseen but now before cameras all the world shows worlds, mighty and fallen and mighty and expectant of the child born again, for/in them. I love you all.

14. Expectant all. Watch me/them. I love my all'ers who will trust me implicitly, explicitly, empirically, and world one watch out, here I come/am.

15. I love you all.

16. Mom okay. Now listen more and write continuously. I flow through your heart/mind/fingers and onto pages/hearts mighty many. I love you all.

Me